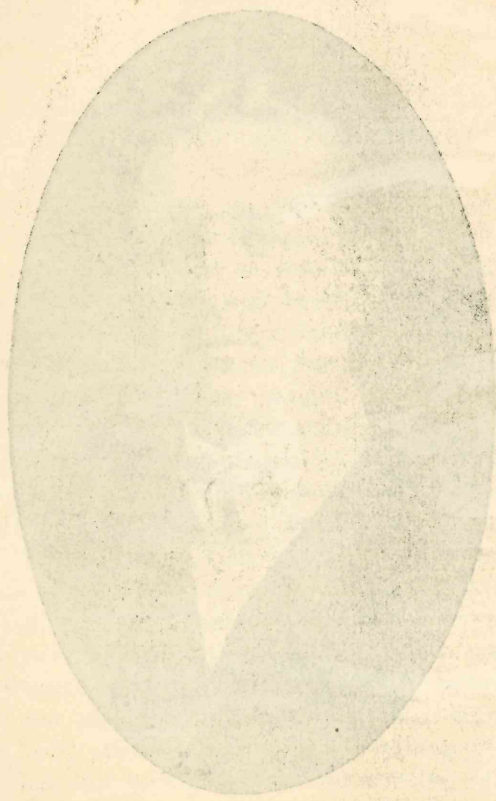




PACIFIC COLLEGE BASKET BALL TEAM.

Reading from left to right—Worth Coulson and Perry Macy, guards; Chester Hodson, center; Marvin Blair and Wilfred Pemberton, forwards; Ray Pemberton, Manager.

# THE CRISCENT



WALTER HILL

Walter Hill, a prominent figure in the literary world, is the subject of this article. He has been a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters since its inception. His works have been widely read and praised for their depth and insight. He is currently working on a new book, which is expected to be published next year. His contributions to the field of literature are significant and will be remembered for many years to come.





WALTER R. MILES.

Winner of Thirteenth Annual Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest of Oregon, held at Newberg, March 10.

# THE CRESCENT.

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## Altruism and Progress.

The oration with which Walter R. Miles won first place both in composition and delivery at the Thirteenth Annual Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest, held at Newberg March 10, 1905.

Sloping back from the banks of the Schuylkill is the old camping ground of Valley Forge. Half woodland, half meadow, it stretches out in picturesque and impressive grandeur, with only here and there a suggestion of that darkest scene in the magnificent drama of the Revolution. Doubtful in the extreme seemed the cause of American independence. Supplies were meager; already the undisciplined army knew more of defeat than of victory. Comfortably quartered in the nation's capitol, the enemy banqueted sumptuously, while Washington with his worthy supporters must pass a winter at Valley Forge of cheerless, almost hopeless, suffering. Oh, that we might have some conception of the scene! What a picture! A thousand rude log huts, which furnish shelter for an army of men who are sick, hungry and scantily clothed—men who leave blood-stained tracks in the snow. No supply of rations, neither medicine nor physicians, without clothing, without even straw for beds, unfit for service but not willing to give up, defeated, but still loving liberty and trusting in Jehovah, these men are dying for their country's freedom. Here are no comfortable barracks, no glamour, pomp and parade, but this is the army of the Republic; these are the farmers, the minute men, the old continentals, heroes of the darkest midnight of our Revolution, heralds of the brightest noon-day of our Independence.

The spirit of the Valley Forge life is the secret of



national greatness. From the time that men first had convictions and were willing to stand for them, this spirit has been a potent factor in progress. It has championed many an unpopular cause, fought full many a fight against tyranny and injustice. Its ranks have been made up of the heroes and heroines known and unknown, the men and women who have lived vicarious lives and died vicarious deaths—made up of those few who have dared to come out from the crowd and stand alone. Like Martin Luther, who dared defy the Pope and Catholicism, and even before that great assemblage of power at Worms, was not afraid to say: "Confute me by proofs of Scripture or else by plain, just arguments; I will not recant otherwise, for it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I; I cannot do other. God help me." And it is this self-same spirit that actuates the Pilgrims as they launch their Mayflower and steer into the winter sea. Yes, this is the true American spirit. It led us victoriously from Plymouth Rock to Bunker Hill, from Bunker Hill to Yorktown. Men loved the nation, its laws and institutions; loved it more than they loved life itself; fought for it; gave their life's blood on the tumultuous battlefield. Yes, and more, they did that which is a greater test of patriotism, when, without the inspiring beat of the drum, the roar and excitement of battle, they suffered disease, cold and hunger and died without murmur on the silent camping ground.

What is the predominant spirit of this age? Is it that of sacrificing personal ends for national betterment? Do we place the nation foremost and self secondary? No, shame that we must confess, the spirit of this day is that of self-seeking. What is there in it? how much will it pay me? is the first question that the young man asks. The things of greatest interest to the most of our people are not questions of moral right or wrong, but of finance. The masses are

seeking to know and do that which will most promote self. We see our laws evaded, public offices eagerly sought for the sake of remuneration, national interests set at naught simply because men are determined to get money.

The open saloon, with its kindred evils, fosters lawlessness and breeds anarchy. Before the bar of public opinion it has been convicted. The counts against it run the whole gamut of crimes, legal and moral. Testimony from all the ages thunders against this monster criminal. The question is pertinent, why do we endure this evil? Is it not because there is money in the business and it will cost money to stop it?

There is much talk about scandal and bribery. It is said that men sell their inalienable rights for dollars, that senators and representatives are bribed and whole legislatures bought and sold, as fine stock, at auction. They even say that the moneyed interests place men in nomination for the presidency and that the United States—hear it!—they say that the United States is absolutely controlled by a few men who represent millions. These things may be false and they may be true. If true, then where is the democracy of our forefathers, where the genuine patriotism that gave our Republic birth? My countrymen, it is time to unfurl the danger flag.

What constitutes a nation? Is it a heroic past, magnificent present, or brilliant outlook for the future? Is it prestige or influence? Do armories, forts and navies make the state? Does it consist in farms, cities, laws, institutions or commerce? It never did. True, a great state may have all of these, but they are only the outward appearances. Under this mantle of wealth and power the heart and soul of the grand and enduring nation is simply m-e-n, high-minded men, men with the spirit of '76.

This spirit in the hearts of our forefathers produced a



new nation, laid its foundations deep and broad on the eternal rock of liberty and equality. It gave freedom to this people, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of worship; yes, freedom of everything to every man within the country, so long as that man does not trample upon the rights of his fellow-men. It founded our schools and colleges, our free hospitals and philanthropic institutions, and preserved the Union in spite of apparent disunion. Trace it, if you will, from our earliest beginning until this moment, the genuine spirit of democracy, of sacrifice and trust in Jehovah has played the most important part in our national life.

In solemn procession years of toil, struggle and bloodshed have passed. Unnumbered men have given their full measure of service in private life, in public activity, in peace and in war. The result of it all is this glorious United States of America, our rich heritage. If any people have the right to be proud of forefathers, we have greater, for ours were men imperial; if any would boast of costly banner, we more, for the purchase price of ours was infinite; if any are gratified with present attainments, we should be satisfied, for our place is that of leadership in the onward march of progress. But bowing to the past, being mindful of the present, we press forward toward greater goals of true achievement. It is right that we should consecrate to the patriotic dead, but "It is for us, the living, rather to be here dedicated to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on." It may not be ours to suffer hunger, to tread with bleeding feet the winter's snow, to give our life's blood or to die for our country, but it is for us to esteem highly the privileges that have been thus purchased. It is ours to maintain the high level of civilization and also to advance to a higher level. This will be accomplished only through the sacrifice of individual interests for

the nation's welfare, only when we honor our laws, count offices sacred trusts and guard our natural rights as we do our own lives.

This is not taking the pessimistic attitude, nor is it prophesying calamity. We have a president, strenuous and true, and some men who follow his unswerving leadership, but such men are all too few. We may desire tariff reform, but above all we need political reform; we wish a gold standard for money, but we should demand a gold standard for manhood; we may desire extended possessions, increased commerce, or any of the outward appearances but our great need is for more of that which constitutes a nation, more men with spirit, heart, and soul of the Valley Forge type.

My "God give us men. A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hand:  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess convictions and a will;  
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue  
And scorn his treacherous briberies without winking;  
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty and in private thinking."

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### Pacific College Wins Great Victory.

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Friday, March the 10th, was a gala day in Newberg. The climax was reached just about midnight when President Lewis Saunders announced the decision of the judges of the Thirteenth Annual Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest. Willamette University, third; Oregon Agricultural College, second; Pacific College, first.

The shouts of triumph that went up from the throats of the Pacific College people echoed and re-echoed through the auditorium till it seemed that the very walls would give



back the cry—Miles! Miles! way up high—V-I-C-T-O-R-Y!

This victory is made all the more complete from the fact that Miles won first both in composition and delivery, a rare occurrence in contests of this sort.

Although the contest was not billed to commence until 8 p. m., people began to arrive at the church as early as 7 o'clock and by 7:30 the large auditorium was almost filled, and the room rang with yells and college songs. Before the contest, rumors had been heard that certain of the delegations were planning to drown the rest of the schools in the yelling, and in consequence each school was determined not to be the one. This lasted till about 8:30, when the contest proper commenced. All of the schools sent full delegations except Albany, who had no speaker at the contest.

The orations were all of an exceptionally high order and were listened to with intense interest. Mr. Templeton's and Mr. Miles' orations were remarkably similar, the same thought running through each production. The judges of the contest were: Delivery, Mrs. A. B. Irvine, I. B. Rhodes and Governor T. T. Geer; on composition were: President S. B. L. Penrose, of Whitman College, Judge Jenkins, President Baldwin of Philomath College.

The room was very tastefully and appropriately decorated with streamers of the various college colors, draped from the central lights to the seats of the respective delegations. The choir loft was banked with ferns and palms.

The music for the occasion was furnished by Professor C. W. Kantner and the McMinnville College Glee Club. Each of the selections received a well deserved encore from the audience.

The program for the evening was carried out as follows:

Invocation.....	REV. H. GOULD
Oration.....	"Moses"

ANDREW R. MARKER, Willamette University

# THE CRESCENT.

7

Oration.....	"Altruism and Progress"
	WALTER R. MILES, Pacific College
Song "Predicaments".....	Tweedy
	McMINNVILLE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB
Oration.....	"The Double Responsibility"
	JOSEPH H. TEMPLETON, University of Oregon
Oration.....	"The Great Puritan"
	JOHN D. WITHYCOMBE, Oregon Agricultural College
Vocal Solo "Winter and Spring".....	C. W. Kantner
	PROF. C. W. KANTNER
Oration.....	"Universal Peace"
	JULIAN HURLEY, Oregon State Normal Schhol
Oration.....	"Gustavus Adolphus Vasa"
	B. E. GOWAN, McMinnville College
Oration.....	"The Hero of the Reformation"
	HUGH WALTER SPARKS, Pacific University
Cantata "The Grasshopper".....	Randolph
	McMINNVILLE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

## JUDGES' MARKINGS.

Composition	Will'mette University	Pacific College	State University	Agricult'l College	State Normal	McM'ville College	Pacific University
Pres. Penrose	90	83	80	81	78	86	85
Judge Jenkins	86	96	91	90	93	85	89
Pres. Baldwin	98	97	96	98	92	95	95
Rank	8	7	12	10	14	13	12
Delivery							
Mrs. Irvine	71	80	83	94	73	77	65
Gov. Gear	95	96	84	81	75	81	76
I. B. Rhodes	87	95½	85½	93	87½	87½	91½
Rank	13	5	11	7	15	12	15
Total Rank	21	12	23	17	29	25	27
Final Place	3	1	4	2	7	5	6



### The Banquet.

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The banquet immediately following the contest was a decided success. In Crater's hall, brilliant with college colors, covers were laid for one hundred fifty guests. An elaborate nine course menu was served.

A very unique and original arrangement for the toasts was carried out: the plan—an engine; the subjects of the toasts, different parts of the engine. The very efficient engineer was President McGrew. E. L. Jones of Albany college responded to "The Fire Box;" W. P. Dyke, McMinnville, to "The Boiler;" Wm. A. Pettys, Oregon State Normal, to "The Injector;" Miss Wold, University of Oregon, to "The Lubricator;" Ralph C. Shepard, Oregon Agricultural college, to "The Governor;" W. B. Rasmussen, Pacific University, to "The Steam Gauge;" Miss Lila Swafford, Willamette University, to "The Safety Valve;" and our own Lewis Saunders, most enthusiastically to "The Whistle."

Appropriate souvenirs of the occasion were the menu cards with the sketch of William Penn and the P. C. pennant suggestive of the "the good old Quaker college."

M. H. '06

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### Business Meeting.

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The annual business meeting of the I. O. A. O. was held at the Baptist church Friday afternoon. It should have convened at 2:30 p. m., but the boat from up the river did not arrive until nearly five o'clock. The executive committeemen were hastily rounded up and a short session of the executive committee held, during which the bulk of the business for the afternoon was mapped out. After this, the house was called to order and the assembly soon got to work.

The committee on credentials reported full delegations from all the institutions of the association except Albany College. Most of the recommendations of the executive committee were adopted with very little debate. Among them, the new system of markings, used in judging the contest this year, were permanently adopted.

The officers for the coming year are: E. L. Jones, A. C., president; Ralph Bacon, U. of O., secretary; Roy Allen, O. S. N. S., treasurer. The entire session was marked by the smoothness and rapidity with which the business was disposed of. Everything was finished and the meeting adjourned in good time for supper. L. S. S., '06.

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### Contest Notes.

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One girl from the Eugene delegation made the remark that she thought there were only three hundred inhabitants in Newberg. Did she find out differently?

Some of the Pacific University boys "took" a college pennant while they were in our city, but they got "cold feet" and gave it back. But—where's the pickle?"

A big Pacific pennant

Was hanging on the rail.

There was a McMinnville gobbler who jumped up in front and gobbled the Pacific p.

Off the gallery rail.

It is wondered whether there is any establishment in the capitol city where candle shades can be purchased. One University lad, after being asked two or three times to replace the one which he so coolly "pocketed" upon the table, up and took it anyway.

The Snipe boys, who attended college last year, came down from Corvallis to attend the contest. While here, old times and happy recollections made them so homesick that they took a little remembrance back with them in the shape



of our college banner. Welcome to it, boys. Come again.

Ching Chang Albany,  
Velly, velly sad.  
They afraid of contest,  
Velly, velly bad.  
Muchie Rugby, muchie ugly,  
For no speaker come.  
Allie sportie, noee goodee,  
Plenty muchee "bum."

But with all these faults we love our sister institutions  
just the same.

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### The Adventures of the Debating Team.

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BY THE FIRST ASSISTANT.

On Thursday, March 16, 1905, after a hurried lunch in the apartments of our worthy leader, Mr. Saunders, we walked to the Newberg boat landing. For about half an hour we watched and wished for the boat. Once on board the steamer Pomona, the beauty of the river scenery held us charmed for quite a time. We hunted up the proper official and learned that the boat was going only to Independence, a town far this side of Albany. We paid our fare to Salem and began to enjoy the vacation. But reciprocity, protective tariff and all such terms kept crowding upon our minds, and as a result, the leader took a comfortable seat and began to write, while his two assistants thought carefully over their part of the work. In the course of an hour or so this became tiresome, and after circumambulating the upper deck, the team went below to explore that region. Here a great wonder was revealed. One of the deck hands took a dime, placed it in the center of a small square of paper, folded the paper carefully, then placed this package in another paper, folded it, and so on until the dime was in five paper wrappers. Then he carefully unfolded the papers

until he came to the one that had contained the silver piece. "Now," says he, "I will bet that the dime is not in there, or I will bet that it is." Whereupon our colleague from Springbrook placed ten cents that the dime was still there, for he felt the coin through the paper. He then had the pleasure of unfolding the paper and the surprise of finding therein a one cent piece. For particulars, see the Springbrook gentleman. The next time we smiled, it was at our leader. He did not know which side of the Willamette Newberg was on.

We reached Salem after dark and proceeded to the Willamette hotel. After securing rooms, in which we locked our umbrellas and reference material, we followed the leadership of our Springbrook colleague. A few blocks brought us to the state capitol building. We climbed up the broad front steps, but we went no further. The doors were locked. Defeated thus in our first attempt to enter the state legislature, we returned slowly to our rooms. The first assistant and the leader occupied one room, and before retiring, Mr. Saunders thought to look for a fire escape. There was no such appliance in sight, so after placing part of the furniture under the lower sash of the window for the sake of ventilation, he made an attempt to sleep.

After breakfast the next morning, the team walked out to a near-by drug store in search of some blank cards on which to write our notes for debate. Our progressive friend from Springbrook asked the young clerk if he had any PLAIN cards. The clerk soon had his hands on several packs of PLAYING cards. Another statement of our needs was made, and we obtained what we wanted. We worked in our rooms, then, until time to leave for Albany on the south-bound train. While on the way to Albany the news-dealer tried very hard to sell us some interesting novels, but we were afraid it might divert our minds. It was getting toward late lunch time when the train slowed up for



Albany. We alighted on the side opposite the station building and made tracks for a hotel. Arriving at the Revere House, we asked for a room, ate lunch and spent the afternoon in "working up debate." In the meantime, the college was informed by telephone of our whereabouts. They were almost wild, for they had been at the depot, and not seeing anything of us, feared that we were not coming. We had dodged the delegation. After school hours the team was shown over town for a little while.

Upon entering the hall of the college building our eyes fell upon some bills that read: "Debate. Quakers vs. Presbyterians. The first inter-collegiate debate will take place at the First Presbyterian church on Friday evening between Albany College and Pacific College of Newberg at 7:30 p. m. sharp. Oratory and music. A feast for the soul. Admission 25c."

Apparently, each literary society had its own bulletin board, with a glass door behind, in which their neatly typewritten notices were securely locked. There are four such societies there. Two of them are composed of young ladies; two of young men. A keen and healthy rivalry exists between them. The student body is carefully organized and maintains the college paper.

For some reason or other we could not get interested in other things very greatly, so in a short time we were again poring over our notes. Supper over, we took a last, hurried glance at our notes and started toward the scene of action. As we passed the county jail, where the Lebanon bank robbers were lodged, our Springbrook second assistant hesitated and wondered audibly if we couldn't get accommodations for the night.

We reached the church where we were to hold forth about time to begin, but the seats were not very well filled. The ticket man let us in on our faces, though he didn't



attempt to punch them. About this time the rumor was started that the Newberg judge, Rev. Stanard, had not arrived. The teams and O. M. Hicky, chairman for the evening, were in a separate room. Excitement began to rise, when we declared that we would debate before one judge, President Campbell of Eugene, or not debate at all. The nervous strain on all increased rapidly. There seemed to be no chances of a peaceable settlement, when some one announced that the missing judge was present. Assured of this fact we sallied forth to the attack.

The Newberg team sat on the right of the stage, the Albany team on the left. The speakers were called by the chairman, the first assistant of P. C.'s team leading out, followed by the opposing leader, Mr. Knotts. At the end of these two speeches things seemed to be all right from our view. The next in order were R. W. Rees of Pacific College and Mr. Miller of Albany. Our colleague spoke well, but his time was up before he had presented all of his argument. Following him Mr. Jones took the floor and ably picked over our argument leaving an impression of complete victory. Mr. Saunders closed in with a brave effort to show up our argument in its true phase, but was unable to do it all in the time allotted him. Then followed the negative and affirmative rebuttals. Both leaders were thoroughly warmed up to their subject, and Mr. Saunders was coming in at a winning pace when a stroke of the gavel closed the contest. We do not have a very clear mental picture of the next few minutes, but we understood that we were defeated and that there would be a social time somewhere.

We followed our victorious escorts to Tremont Hall. Here greetings and congratulations were showered upon us, though we did not know why. In due time ice-cream was served, and to my surprise it looked very green in color. The thought struck me that it might be my own reflection.

I learned since that the green was real. The students, both ladies and gentlemen, were very friendly. In my corner the topic of discussion was "red hair." I reported that Pacific had reason to be proud of the number and quality of her red headed students. Later they gave us a treat of college music. They seemed to be full of the right spirit. In the hall they gave us cheers and yells, and we returned the treat though it sounded much like an echo. After telling the ladies how grateful we were for their kind attentions we bid good-bye to Tremont Hall.

The next morning, after searching the streets for a few of the ads of our little contest and buying a copy of the morning paper, we slid down the gang-plank of the Oregon. A question arose as to how to spend the day. The Junior member of the team (not the younger, but of the Junior class) was wise and had brought along his German book, so looked forward to spending the day profitably. Among the passengers on board when we left Albany was a young lady, only one, and our Springbrook debater soon put aside his troubles to share the joys of the voyage with her. So the first assistant was left to himself. The slot machine was out of order, he couldn't play cards, nor speak the Chinese language, so 'twas a trifle lonesome for him. He spent a long time at the lunch table, as usual, and managed to live until the boat drew up to the Newberg landing. The only comforting news he heard was that the Russian general in Manchuria had been recalled. We realized that he could sympathize with us.

Yes, we had a splendid time and will long remember the gentlemanly treatment we received while with the students of Albany College.

# THE CRESCENT.

Published Monthly during the College Year by the Crescent Literary Society

ORVILLE JOHNSON, '05, Editor-in-chief.

LEWIS SAUNDERS, '06, Associate Editors.

EUNICE LEWIS, '05

NEWS EDITORS—

WALTER MILES, '06, } Locals and Personals.

LENORA PARKER, '06, }

MARY MINTHORN, '06, Exchange.

WILFRED PEMBERTON, '06, Business Manager.

ERNEST BALES, '06, Asst. Business Manager

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Now that the basket ball season is over, the eyes of every one interested in athletics are turned toward the track and our prospects for a team this year. New students are being looked over and their respective possibilities in that line are made the subject of many weighty discussions. Just a word concerning our prospect for a track team this year might be in order at this time. To begin with, we have all of last year's team in school this year except Kramien, while in his place are men who bear all the earmarks of battle scarred veterans along the lines that Kramien took. Besides this, there are a number of new men in school who will, with the proper training, develop into point winners for old P. C. Then last but not least we have been fortunate enough to secure the services of Roy Heater as coach and this in itself will doubtless mean points in our favor when we meet some of our sister schools. In fact we have the material in school for as fast a track team as P. C. has had for a number of years and will, we are sure, be able to keep up the pace we have set for ourselves



this year. Now perhaps the ladies consider themselves left out in matters of this nature and think that you have no responsibility in the matter. Such a view seems to us to be entirely erroneous. In fact we consider the support of the members of the fair sex as being very necessary to the development of the best that is in the material we have. Now girls "a word to the wise is sufficient," so when you see the boys at work on the track, please don't begin to think of that errand you had down town, or that Greek you have to get, or the Latin you have to make up or any one of a dozen things you might think of but stop a while and come out and look on and perhaps exercise your lungs once in a while—It won't hurt you and will do the fellows a world of good. But you fellows who have been thinking you'd have an excuse to slide out of training on something like the above, your place is not to look on or perhaps yell a little—no—your place is out on the track at work. Even if you don't think you can do any thing, get out anyway and encourage the rest of them. Now we hope that "a word to the wise etc." will apply here also.

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With this, our last issue, we look back over our year's work, and realize that some things have not been as satisfactory as they might have been. But there is a certain feeling of relief and satisfaction that we have done the best we could, and that now perhaps the work may fall into worthier hands. We have tried to make the Crescent distinctively a student's paper, and have tried in so far as we could to make it a fair representative of Pacific College. We heartily thank the students and our patrons for their interest and support, and bespeak for our successors the co-operation and support which they deserve, and without which no college paper can be a success.

E. L.

A dissatisfaction was expressed by one of the delegations present at the state oratorical business meeting, regarding the awarding of the victor his choice of \$25 cash or a gold medal. The provision was made by the local association for the benefit of a winner who might prefer to make better use of the prize, than could be derived from a medal, to be worn once or twice and then stowed away and forgotten. If the winner should prefer the medal, it would be given him, or if he wished to take the money and buy a set of books or a gold watch, he would be given the cash. It was only with the thought of the advantage of choice to the winning orator that the optional prize was offered. However, the state university will fortunately not be called upon to accept either, this year.

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### Pacific College 18--Pacific University 9.

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On Friday afternoon, March 10th, the college basket ball team won the final game of the season, by defeating the crack team of Pacific University. The game was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic audience which cheered the teams impartially. Since it was played on the afternoon before the state contest, there were among the spectators, many students from the other institutions of the state, which fact made the occasion the more interesting.

The game was hotly contested from start to finish, and at one time in the second half, a single point separated the scores. The local boys took a brace however, and by quick passing and pretty team work were able to double the score of their opponents, making the final score of 18-9 in their favor before time was called.

In the absence of Coulson, one of the first team guards, Spaulding took that position and filled it very creditably.

This game closed P. C.'s basket ball season for 1904-05.

In all five games were played, three of which were won.

Following is the line up of the teams.

Pacific University—		Pacific College—	
White	F		Blair
Sparks	F	capt.	Pemberton
Bollinger	C		Hodson
Califf	G		Macy
Prideaux	G		Spaulding
Subs: P. U., Witham, Allen and Ferrin. P. C., Johnson.			
Officials: F. K. Jones, Ray Pemberton.			
C. J. HOSKINS '07.			

### Personnel of 1904-05 Basket Ball Squad.

Wilfred Pemberton, forward, and captain of the team, is a member of the Junior class. He is one of the most popular students in college and takes an active interest in all student affairs. As a basket ball player he is quick and aggressive, and is one of the best players on the team. This is his third year's experience in basket ball, he having been for the last two years a member of the second team.

The other forward, Marvin Blair, has had several years' experience in basket ball and is counted one of the steadiest players that P. C. has ever had, very seldom taking a slump even in practice and always cool and ready to score if given half a chance in a game.

Chester Hodson, who so efficiently filled the position of center on the team this year is a new man in college, and a member of the Freshman class. He registers from California, where he won considerable fame as an all round athlete. He is popular among his fellow students and as a basket ball player is steady and reliable. In the last game of the season he demonstrated his ability by throwing three baskets over the much-vaunted University center.

E. Worth Coulson, one of the pair of guards of which



Pacific is justly proud, is in his last year at college. He has been a basket ball player ever since he entered school four years ago, and this season was his second year as guard on the first team. He is a steady and reliable player and his place will be hard to fill, but we are fortunate in only losing one member of this year's first team, by graduation.

The other member of the first team is Perry Macy, who registers as a Sophomore. His position on the team is guard where he has played for two years. He is a strong defensive player and it is very seldom that the opposing forward is able to throw a basket over him. Like most of the other members of the basket ball squad, he is also a track athlete, and is looked upon as a winner in the distance runs this spring.

Paul Maris, who played sub forward on the first and captained the second team, is a very snappy player and a very hard man to guard. He is a member of the Sophomore class and so will probably be in the squad next year. This is his second year of basket ball, he last year having played on the second team.

Roscoe Cahill, the other forward on the second team, also acted as substitute for the first five. Although this is his first year of basket ball, he is counted one of the best on the squad. He was handicapped however by sickness, and this prevented him from practicing with the team for a good part of the season. With another year's experience we are confident that he will develop into a fast, hard player.

The second team center this year is Cecil J. Hoskins. This is his first year in Pacific College, he having attended last year at McMinville. Mr. Hoskins is one of the most prominent young men in student affairs, being president of the local oratorical association and assistant track manager for 1905. He is a member of the Sophomore class and we expect great things of him next year in basket ball as well

as in other lines of student life.

The first sub guard on the first team is Walter Spaulding, '07. Although this is his first year at basket ball, Mr. Spaulding has developed into one of the strongest of P. C.'s guards, as was shown most satisfactorily in the game with Pacific University, during which he prevented his opponent from scoring a single basket. He will be a strong candidate for a position on the first team next year.

Orville H. Johnson, who this year was substitute on the first team and guard on the second, has had three years experience in basket ball. Last year he was sub on the first and the year previous played with the second team. Mr. Johnson is in his Senior year, and very prominent in college affairs, being among other things president of the student body and editor-in-chief of the Crescent. He is a hard and consistent basket ball player and will be missed by the squad next year.

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### Local and Personal.

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Lessons heape punk; altime flunk.

Altime kram; pass'em de exam.

Remember to say "wee wee."

Somebody spoke about a fly-away collar.

Clear the track the sprinters are coming.

L. P. in class, declining verb: "Present I climb, past I clumb, present perfect, I have Clem." This was news to the most of us.

Glad to see Harry Maxfield back in school after the attack of appendicitis which he had lately.

During the first of the month President McGrew spent a few days in the state of Washington helping organize some quarterly meetings.

March 2nd, George Cross received a blow from the sixteen pound shot, which cracked his collar bone. Some evenings later he was playing ball and the bone came in two, and now it is quite a cross to Cross, to cross his right arm across his chest and have it held there by the bandage, but he isn't cross.

The paper which Prof. Blair prepared for his chapel talk of some days ago was very much appreciated by the students.

On the 16th and 17th of March, G. O. Oliver of Willamette, conducted a series of "Summer Life Work Meetings" in the Association Room. He talked to men individually and collectively. His appeals caused many to think of life's responsibilities and realities. Some were "almost persuaded." Mr. Oliver represents the Keystone View Company—therefore all of his talks were along something of the same line.

It is with regret that we announce that Prof. H. N. Wright of the department of mathematics, has been forced to give up his work on account of threatened pulmonary trouble, and he and Mrs. Wright expect to leave soon for California. Prof. H. B. Crumley, recently from Colorado, will fill the vacancy for the spring term.

The two basket ball teams were given an oyster supper at the home of Prof. and Mrs. F. K. Jones on the evening of the 17th. The first part of the evening was very pleasantly spent in games and conversation after which all gathered round the tables in the dining room for the supper where jokes were cracked and stories told till a late hour. The guests then left after giving three rousing cheers for Prof. and Mrs. Jones.

You have heard of old time lovers,  
How they showed their love so true  
And 'twas somehow so romantic



As they sat neath skies of blue.  
 All around the birds were singing,  
 Dancing, sparkling, ran the creek,  
 She perhaps, was leaning on him,  
 He, 'tis likely, kissed her cheek.  
 But the modern plan of courting  
 Does not take so much of time  
 Nor expense of being idle  
 While you stroll in sunny clime.  
 'Tis not found in author's stories,  
 But to see it you must go  
 In the chapel at the noon-hour  
 And they'll be there two by two.  
 You will find him just before her,  
 And 'twill make your heart rejoice  
 Just to see them spend the moments  
 Whispering love to their own choice.

—X. V..Z.

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### Exchanges.

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"Climbing the Switzerland Trail," given in The Index is a fine description as far as it goes.

"Seek not to have things happen as you choose, but choose them to happen as they do."—Ex.

"There are some spectacles," remarked the man who had traveled, "that can never be forgotten."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the absent minded old lady, I wish I had a pair of 'em!"

For the German student. Read the M. H. Aerolith. It may take you some time to comprehend all that is between its covers but it would be good drill at least to make an attempt at reading it.

A bow-legged man was standing before the fire warming himself. A small boy watched him intently for a while, then broke out, "Say Mister, you're too near the fire, you're warping."—Ex.

"What's the row over on the next street?"

"Only a wooden wedding."

"Wooden wedding?"

"Yes, a couple of Poles getting married."—Ex.

Jones—"I am a neighbor of yours now; I have taken a home by the river."

"Mrs. Golightly—"Ah, I hope you will drop in some time."

All of the exchanges for the past month have had an ample supply of orations in them.

One exchange suggested grubbing out your own Greek roots. It really is quite suggestive and practical.

The stories in the Gates Index are good.

Whitman College student body and faculty seem to have something of a misunderstanding between them to judge from the nature of some of the articles of the Whitman College Pioneer.

Blackenblass—I will nefer blay in dere again!!!

Friend—Why not?

Blackenblass—Nefer; I tell you, nefer!

Friend—But why not?

Blackenblass—Becaused I haf been dismissed.—Ex.

Sometimes its a man's lie-abilities that increase his assets.—Ex.

"Now Elsie," said the teacher, "can you tell me what a panther is?"

"Yeth, ma'am," lisped Elsie. "He is a woman that maketh pants."

"Conductor! Conductor! stop the car; I've dropped my wig out of the window."

"Never mind, madam, there's a switch just this side of the next station."—

Teacher—"John can you tell me how iron was dis-

covered."

John—"I heard papa say they smelt it."—Ex.

Her face was happy,

His'n was stern,

Her hand in his'n,

His'n in her'n.—Ex.

"The New Student" in The Collegian is worthy of mention.

The Guilford Collegian contains a very good editorial on "College Spirit." There are also some good articles in other February exchanges on this same subject.

'07—"Going over to feed your face?"

'06—"No, to face my feed.

A well known doctor recently received the following call for his services: "Dear sir—my mother-in-law is at death's door. Please come at once and see if you can pull her through."—Ex.

A noted politician was to make a speech in a small town of our state but was unable to do so because heavy rains had destroyed parts of the little railroad. He therefore sent this telegram: "Can not come. Washout on the line." In a few hours he received the following reply: "Never mind, come anyway; borrow a shirt."—Ex.

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